

This I believe – slow and steady wins the race

A rampant, relentless, rat race. This is what society has become. As I struggle to gain control, time has warped to become a treacherous tornado, whirling as it swallows everything in its path. Here we are, trying to keep up with the tornado and hastening its pace, hastening the disappearance of more meaningful things and bringing about the onslaught of unhappiness. What is everyone rushing for?

I enjoy running. Like typical children, playing catching and racing to see who is faster was a norm in the past. As I grew up with my peers striving for excellence, it is standard that we have a game to feel the adrenaline rushing in our blood vessels, to loose our minds in the skin-refreshing wind as we sprinted. Following my long-lasting relationship with running, I got into the athletics team. However, faced with the speed – sometimes too overpowering- it came to my realization that there were so many faster people out there. I need to improve immediately. I must start now. There begun my quest for speed, my quest to outshine the rest.

In my efforts, I ran whenever I could, stretched more after trainings and grit my teeth over workouts but did I feel high with happiness or speed? Before I realized, a results-hungry shroud had overwhelmed me, transforming me into a rigid loser. Satisfaction had evaporated from my heart, leaving an empty hollow in its place. As the glumness exacerbated, I approached my father for getting an external coach for extra trainings as some of my seniors were doing. Little did I know, he approached my school coach for advice. Following that, my coach talked to me privately and asked if I wanted extra training. Looking down, I nodded meekly. “Are you sure you want that?” I can still remember her dark eyes locking contact with mine, boring into my soul and subsequently sending a chill down my spine. “Listen. Pace yourself. I have seen athletes injuring themselves because of overtraining, stuck like that for the rest of their lives. Pace yourself.” I heeded her advice and trained wholeheartedly with the team, taking a break when I needed to and pushing hard at the right time. Step by step, the quest for speed seemed so adequate, so apparent. Thus, I could reap the rewards -joy, support and eventually, satisfying results from my competition.

Pace yourself. I take away the realization that being so fast and impulse to improve immediately will only bring more hurt and unhappiness. Everyone has a particular pace that we are personally comfortable with. Some may just sprint ahead to the finishing line, but others may simply settle for a steady jog. Who knows, maybe aiming for a straight peak will cause one to loose out on many pleasant things in the way, which may disappear once escaped from our grasp. Perhaps, being slow and steady enables us to win our race. No more rat races for me.